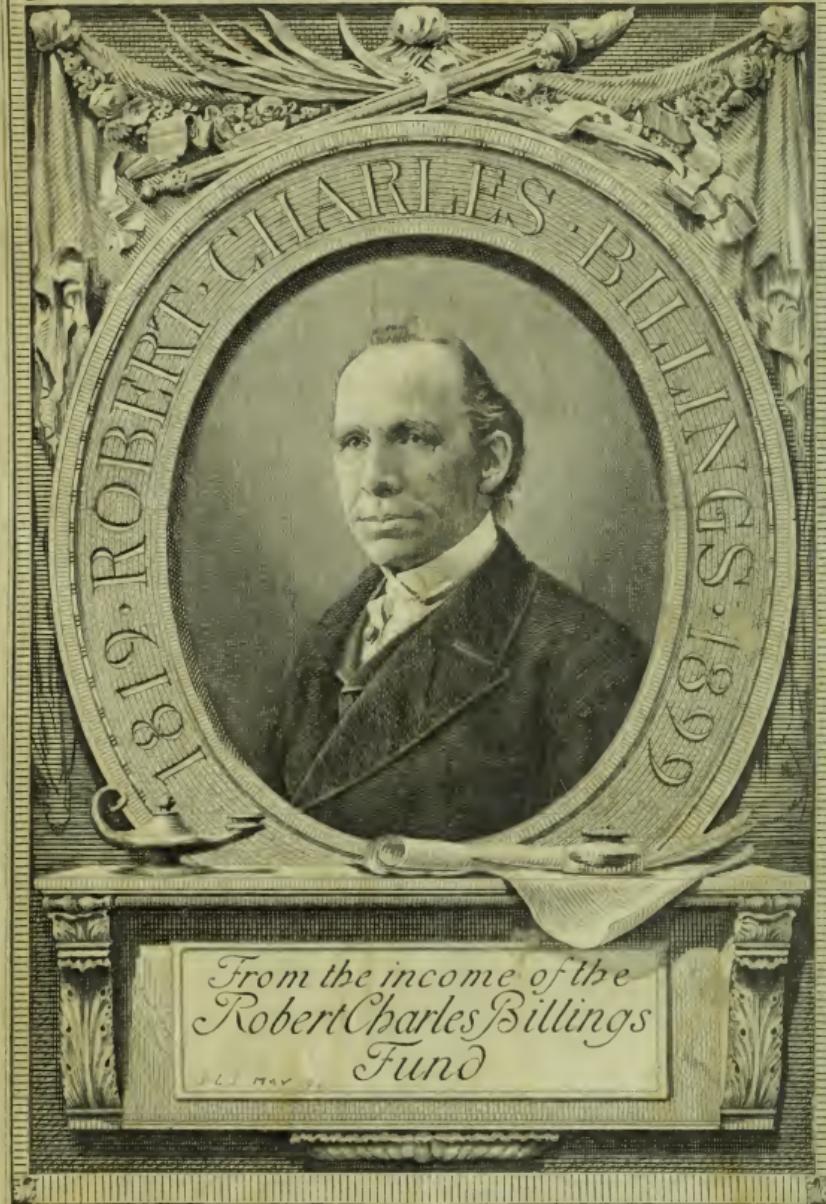


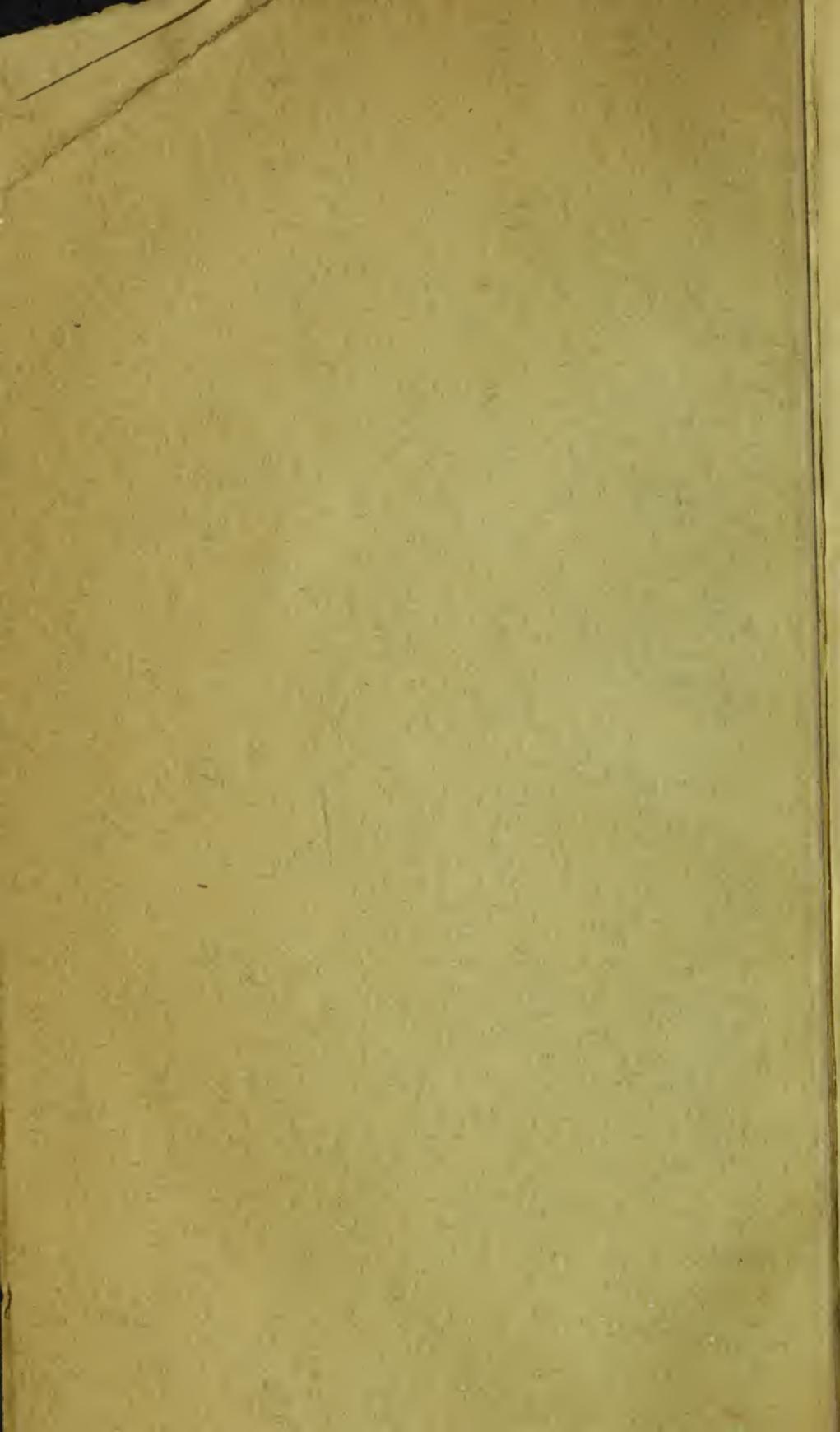


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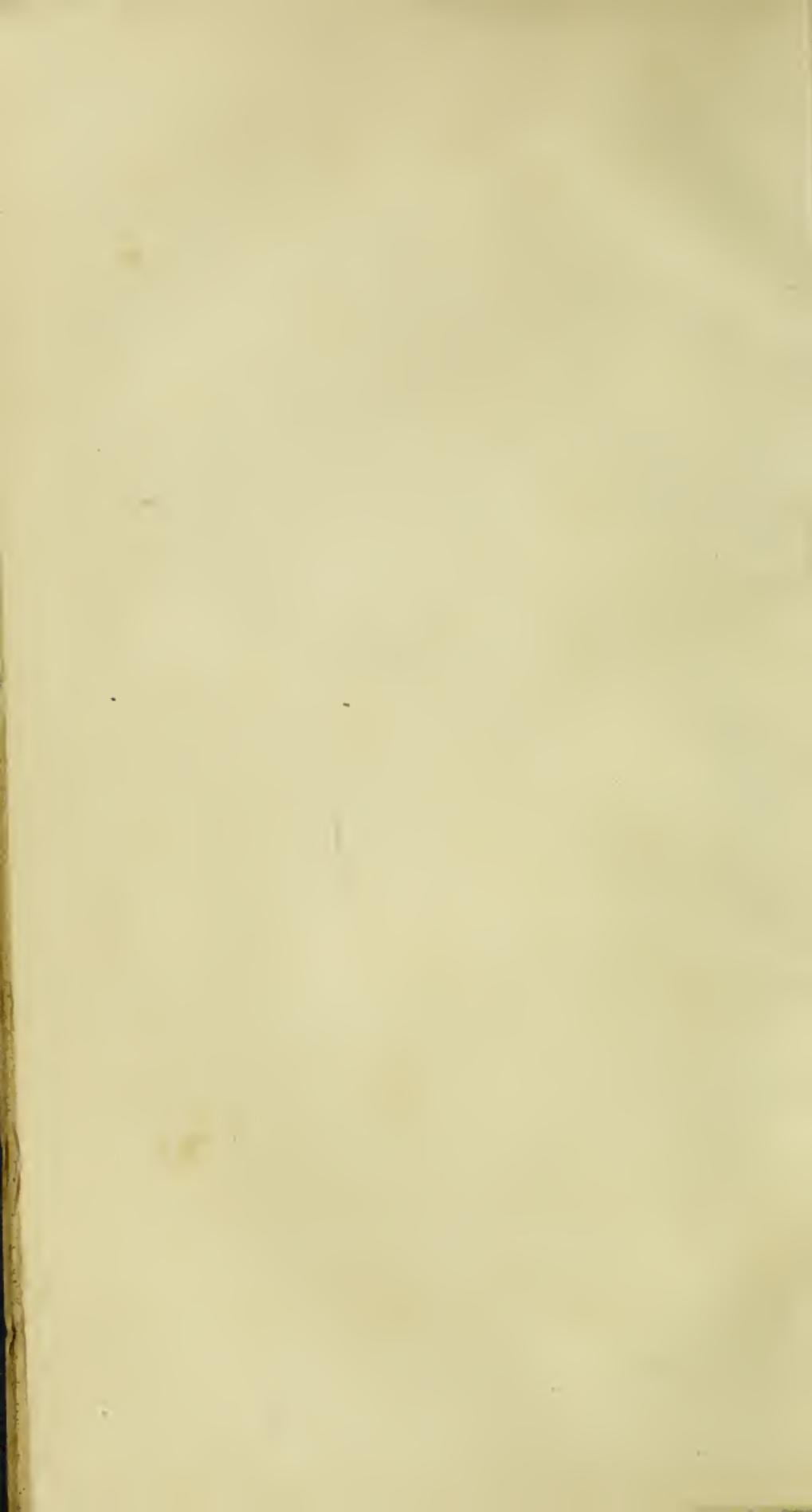
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*TIMON of ATHENS, +*

A

TRAGEDY.

---

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

---



x In Jacoby 1<sup>mo</sup>

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M D C C X X X I V .

G.78.29

# Dramatis Personæ.

T I M O N, a noble Athenian.

Lucius, } two flattering Lords.  
Lucullus,

Apemantus, a churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius, another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian General.

Flavius, Steward to Timon.

Flaminius,

Lucilius,

Servilius,

} Timon's Servants.

Billingo  
Mar. 4. 1907

B

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

} several Servants to Usurers.

Ventidius, one of Timon's false Friends.

Cupid and Maskers.

Phrynia,

Timandra,

} Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers servants and attendants.

3 C E N E, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

---

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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W. C H E T W O O D, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



# TIMON of ATHENS.

## A C T I.

S C E N E, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

P O E T.

O O D day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,  
Which manifold Record not matches? see,  
(Magick of Bounty!) all these Spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant,

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were  
To an untirable and continuatue goodness.

He passes-----

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't:  
For the lord Timon, Sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that----

4      **T I M O N o f A T H E N S.**

*Poet.* When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form,                  [Looking on the jewel.

*Few.* And rich; here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You're rapt, Sir, in some Work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipt idly from me.  
Our Poesie is as a Gum, which issues  
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint  
Shews not, till it be struck: our gentle flame  
Provokes it self, ---- and like the current flies  
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, Sir---- when comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis,  
This comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indiff'rent.  
*Poet.* Admirable! how this grace  
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination  
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life:  
Here is a Touch----is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors Nature; artificial strife  
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators.*

*Pain.* How this lord is followed!

*Poet.* the Senators of Athens! happy man!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.  
I have, in this rough Work shap'd out a Man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug

With

With amplest entertainment My free drift  
Halts not particular, but moves it self  
In a wide sea of wax ; no levell'd malice  
Infects one Comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,  
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their service to Lord *Timon*: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill.  
*Feign'd Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,  
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,  
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope.  
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,  
With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest  
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :

## 6 TIMON of ATHENS.

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
Some better than his value, on the moment  
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendarke;  
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear;  
Make sacred even his stirrop: and through him.  
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants  
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself course-  
fully to every suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [To a Messenger.]

Mes. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,  
His means most short, his creditors most straight:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up, which failing to him,  
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! well----  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;  
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your Honour!

[Exit.]

[Enter]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

*Tim.* I have so : what of him ?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here or no ? *Lucilius !* -----

*Enter Lucilius.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

[ture]

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy crea-  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well : what further ~~say~~ ?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got :  
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love : I pray thee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort  
My self have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, *Timon*.  
His honesty rewards him in it self,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him ?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt :  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,  
What's levity in youth.

*Tim.* Love you the maid ?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the Gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

8      TIMON of ATHENS.

*Tim.* How shall she be endowed,  
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present, in future all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;  
To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his,

*Tim.* My hand to thee, my honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship : never may  
That state, or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you. [Exeunt *Luc.* and old Athenian.

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship.

*Tim.* I thank you, you shall hear from me anon :  
Go not away. What have you there, my friend ?

*Pain.* A piece of Painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The Painting is almost the natural man :  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside : pencil'd figures are  
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work ;  
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The Gods preserve ye !

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman ; Give me your hand,  
We must needs dine together : Sir, your Jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord ? dispraise ?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give : but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are

Are by their masters priz'd ; Believ't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord, it is the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look who comes here.

" Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid ?

*Jew.* We'll bear it with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good Morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus* !

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay for thy good Morrow ;  
When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st

*Apem.* Are they not *Athenians* ? [them not ?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

*Tim.* Whither art going ?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it ?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the Painter :  
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* Y'are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation : what's she,  
if I be a dog ?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* No, I eat not lords.

*Tim.* If thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

10      *T I M O N o f A T H E N S.*

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So, thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking--- How now, Poet?

*Poet.* How now, Philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art thou not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thy self?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord.--- Art thou not a Merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

*Mer.* If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a messenger.

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Mes.* 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse All of companionship.

*Tim.*

# TI MON of ATHENS. II

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;  
You must needs dine with me : go not you hence,  
Till I have thank't you, and when dinner's done,  
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your sights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir ! [Bowing and embracing.

*Apem.* So, so ! Aches contract, and starve your supple  
joints ! that there should be small love amongst these  
sweet knaves, and all this courtesie ! the strain of man's  
bred out into baboon and monkey.

*Alc.* You have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungerly on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we do part, we'll share a bounteous time  
In diff'rent pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [Exitnt.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

*Luc.* What time a day is't, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*Luc.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it,

*Lucul.* Thou art going to lord *Timon*'s feast.

*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

*Lucul.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Lucul.* Why, *Apemantus* ?

*Apem.* Thou shoulst' st have kept one to thy self,  
for I mean to give thee none.

*Luc.* Hang thy self.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make  
thy requests to thy friend.

*Lucul.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or ----- I'll spurn  
thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass.

*Luc.* He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste lord *Timon*'s bounty ?  
He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

*Lucul.* He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,

Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays  
Seven-fold above it self; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

*Luc.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

*Lucul.* Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

*Luc.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, another Apartment in Timon's House.

*Hautboys playing, loud musick.* A great banquet serv'd in;  
and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius,  
and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then  
comes dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly.

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the Gods  
To call my father's age unto long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
Honest *Ventidius*: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever, and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our Better's play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit.

*Tim.* Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than they to me. [They sit down.

*Luc.* We always have confess it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess it; hang'd it, have you not?

*Tim.*

*Tim.* O Apemantus, you are welcome.

*Apem.* No ; you shall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

*Tim.* Fie, th'art a churle ; ye have got a humour there Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame : They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est,* But yonder man is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself : For he does neither affect company, Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon* ; I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee ; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome ; I my self would have no Power--- pry thee let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me : for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods ! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not ? It grieves me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,  
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.  
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men !  
Methinks, they should invite them without knives ;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't. the fellow that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.  
Were I a Great man, I should fear, to drink,  
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

*Lucul.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way !---- a brave fellow ! he keeps his tides well ; those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire :

This

44 TIMON of ATHENS.

This and my food are equal, there's no odds ;  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's grace.

*Immortal Gods, I crave no self ;  
I pray for no man but my self ;  
Grant, I may never prove so fond  
To trust man on his oath, or bond ;  
Or a harlot for her weeping ;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;  
Or a keeper with my freedom ;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen, Amen ; so fall to't :  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

*Tim.* Captain, Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alc.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alc.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then ; that thou might' st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em !

*Luc.* Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh, you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em : they would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

themselves. Why I have often wish'd my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes? O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon.*

*Lucul.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up,

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you moy'd me much.

*Apem.* Much!

*Sound Tucket.*

*Tim.* What means that trump? how now?

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid with a Masque of ladies, as Amazons.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all That of his bounties taste! The five best Senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom: [rise, Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table These only now come but to feast thine eyes. [stance.

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let them have kind admitt- Let musick make their welcome.

*Luc.* You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

*Apem.* Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this They dance, they are mad women. [way! Like madness is the glory of this life;

As

## 16 TIMON of ATHENS.

As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.  
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves ;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite and envy-----  
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?  
Who dies, that bears not one Spurn to their graves  
Of their friends gift ?  
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me : 'T has been done ;  
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon ; each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women ; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much graco, fair ladies,

Set a fait fashion on our entertainment;  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind :  
You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device.  
I am to thank you for it.

*Luc.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.  
Please you to dispose your selves.

*All La.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeant.]

*Tim.* Flavius ?

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. More jewels yet ? there is no crossing him in's humour,  
Else I could tell him----well----i'faith I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could :  
'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind ;  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*Luc.* Where be our men ?

Ser:

Ser. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Lucul. Our horses.

Tim. O my good friends !

I have one word to say to you ; look, my lord,  
I must intreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,  
Kind my lord !

Luc, I am so far already in your gifts,-----}

All. So are we all. [Ex. Lucius and Lucullus,  
Enter a servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Se-  
nate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavious.

Fla. I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word ;  
it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ! why then another time I'll hear thee.  
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another servant.

2 Serv. May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out  
of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white  
horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the Presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third servant.

How now ? what news ?

3 Ser. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentle-  
man, Lord *Lucullus*, intreats your company to mor-  
row to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two  
brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received,  
not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to ? he commands us to  
provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty  
coffer : Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being

## 18 TIMON of ATHENS.

Being of no power to make his wishes good ;  
His promises fly so beyond his state, [word :  
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry  
He is so kind, that he pays interest for't :  
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were  
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.]

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too  
much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of  
our love...

1 Lord. With more than common thanks I will re-  
ceive it.

3 Lord. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good  
words the other day of a bay Courser I rode on.  
'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,  
in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord : I know no  
man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh  
my friend's affection with my own ; I'll tell you true.  
I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give ;  
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee ; thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defy land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound-----

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd-----

Tim.

# T I M O N o f A T H E N S. 19

*Tim.* All to you. Lights ! more lights, more lights.

*3 Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,  
Keep with you, lord *Timon*.

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

*Apem.* What a coil's here,

Serving of becks and jutting out of bums ?  
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs ;  
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'cies.

*Tim.* Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not sullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be brib'd  
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and  
then thou wouldest sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,  
*Timon*, I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in pa-  
per shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and  
vain-glories ?

*Tim.* Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am  
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come  
with better musick. [Exit.]

*Apem.* So---- thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt  
not then.  
I'll lock thy heaven from thee :  
Oh, that mens ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery !

[*Exit.*]

## A C T II.

S C E N E. *A publick place in the City.*

*Enter a Senator.*

S E N A T O R.

**A**ND late, five thousand : to *Varro*, and to *Isidore* &  
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum ;  
Which makes it five and twenty--- Still in motion

Qf.

20 TIMON of ATHENS.

Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.  
If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more  
Better than he; why, give my horse to Timon;  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight  
Ten able horse. No porter at his gate;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, hoa!  
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your Cloke, and haste you to lord Timon;

Importune him for monies, be not ceast  
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with  
Commend me to your master---- and the cap  
Plays in the right hand, thus :---- but tell him, sirrah,  
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
And my reliance on his fracted dates  
Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;  
But must not break my back, to heal his finger.  
Immedieate are my needs, and my relief  
Must not be lost and turn'd to me in words,  
But find Supply immedieate. Get you gone.  
Put on a most importunate aspect,  
A visage of demand: for I do fear,  
When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
Lord Timon wilt be left a naked Gull,  
Who flashes now a Phœnix--- get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?---- take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in Compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E changes to Timon's hall.

Enter Flavius with many bills in his hand.

*Flav.* No care, no stop? so senseless of expence,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot? Takes no account  
How things go from him, and resumes no care  
Of what is to continue: never Mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done?----- he will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fy, fy, fy, fy.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

*Cap.* Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for mo-  
*Var.* Is't not your business too? [ney?

*Cap.* It is; and yours too, *Isidore*:

*Isid.* It is so.

*Cap.* Would we were all discharg'd.

*Var.* I fear it.

*Cap.* Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, and his train.

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.

My *Alcibiades*.----- Well, what's your will?

[They present their bills.

*Cap.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? whence are you?

*Cap.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my Steward.

*Cap.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days, this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his Right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend.

I pr'ythee but repair to me next morning.

*Cap.*

22 TIMON of ATHENS.

*Cap.* Nay, good my lord.

*Tim.* Contain thy self, good friend.

*Var.* One Varro's servant, my good lord-----

*Isid.* From Isidore, he prays your speedy payment-----

*Cap.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants---

*Var.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, fix weeks, and

*Isid.* Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I [past-]  
Am sent expresly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath :-----

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on, [Ex. lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.---- Come hither :

How goes the world, that I am thus encountred

With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour ?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this businesse :  
Your importunity cease, till after dinner ;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherfore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends ; see them well entertain'd.

[Exit Tim.

*Fla.* Pray, draw near.

[Exit Fla.

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

*Cap.* Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus,  
Let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid.* A plague upon him, dog.

*Var.* How dost, fool ?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

*Var.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

*Isid.* There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him

*Cap.* Where's the fool now ?

[yet.

*Apem.*

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers men! bauds between gold and want!

*All.* What are we, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All.* Gramceries, good fool: how does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth.

*Apem.* Good! gramercy!

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

*Page.* Why how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pry'thee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Can't not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'l die a Baud.

*Page.* Thou wast whelpt a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.

*Apem.* Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

*Fool.* I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If *Timon* stay at home-----

You three serve three usurers?

*All.* I would they serv'd us.

*Apem.* So would I----- as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers men?

*All.* Ay, fool,

*Fool*

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*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

*Var.* What is a whore-master, fool?

*Fool* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All.* Aside, aside, here comes lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

*Fla.* Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.

*Tim.* You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me? That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means.

*Fla.* You would not hear me: At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to: Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back:

And

And that unaptress made you minister  
Thus to excuse your self.

*Fla.* O my good lord,  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty,  
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;  
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close. I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have  
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;  
The greatest of your Having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Fla.* 'Tis all engag'd, Some forfeited and gone:  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues; the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim, and at length  
How goes our reck'ning?

*Tim.* To Lacedemon did my land extend.

*Fla.* O my good lord, the world is but a world;  
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Fla.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood;  
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,  
When all our Offices have been opprest  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Fla.* Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this lord?  
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
 This night englutt'd! who now is not *Timon's*?  
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord *Timon's*?  
 Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?  
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
 Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter shoures,  
 These flies are coucht.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further,  
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;  
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
 Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,  
 To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;  
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
 And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,  
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,  
 As I can bid thee speak.

*Fla.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,  
 That I account them blessings; for by these  
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
 Mistake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.  
 Within there, Ho! *Flaminus, Servilius!*

Enter *Flaminus, Servilius, and other servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you sev'rally.

You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with  
 His Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend me to  
 their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have  
 found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony; let the  
 request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Fla.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum——

*Tim.* Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [To *Flavius*]  
 Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have  
 Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o'th' instant

A thousand talents to me.

*Fla.* I've been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way)  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in Return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Fla.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry.—You are honourable—  
But yet they could have wisht—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—  
And so intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You Gods reward them!

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again tow'r'd earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee, be not sad,  
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,  
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately  
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate; when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows  
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Stew.* Would, I could not: that thought is bouncy's foe;  
Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE, Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminus waiting, Enter a servant to him.

Ser. I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord Timon's men; a gift, I warrant— Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus, you are very respectively welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a cowardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, sirrah. [To the servant, who goes out] — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,  
And we alive that liv'd? fly damned baseness,  
To him that worship's thee. [Throwing the money away.]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit Lucullus.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:  
Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!  
I feel my master's passion. This slave  
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O! may diseases only work upon't:  
And when he's sick to death, let not that part  
Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit.]

S C E N E, a publick Street.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord *Timon*? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

I Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord,

and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money,

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before the Gods, I am ashamed on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his Honour. — My honour'd lord —

[To Lucius.]

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fate thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent —

*Luc.* Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

*Ser.* H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous,

I should

I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do ——— (the more beast, I say) ——— I was sending to use lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir, I shall.

[*Exit Servilius*.]

*Luc.* I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius* ——

True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed;

And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[*Exit*.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hortilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit;

Who can call him his friend;

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

*Timon* has been to this lord as a father,

And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:

Supported his estate; nay *Timon*'s money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,

But *Timon*'s Silver treads upon his lip;

And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!

He does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to beggars..

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For my own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life;  
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,  
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation;  
And the best half should have return'd to him;  
So much I love his heart: but I perceive  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,  
For policy sits above conscience.

[Exeunt.]

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others? —  
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,  
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three  
Owe their estates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my lord,  
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal;  
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?  
*Ventidius* and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?  
And does he send to me? th'ee! hum —  
It shews but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians,  
Thriv'd, give him over? must I take the cure  
On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.  
He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't,  
But his occasions might have wooed me first:  
For in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him.  
And does he think so backwardly of me,  
That I'll requite it last? no:  
So it may prove an argument of laughter  
To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:

I'd

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
 H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:  
 I'd such a courage to have done him good.  
 But now return,  
 And with their faint Reply this Answer join;  
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.]

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think; but in the end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like those that under hot, ardent, zeal would set whole Realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
 Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards,  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows;  
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.]

SCENE changes to Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants  
 of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one business does command us all.  
 For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir Philotas's too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

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*Luc.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc.* Not yet,

*Phi.* I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven;

*Luc.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:  
You must consider that a Prodigal's Course  
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:  
'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon*'s purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll shew you how t' observe a strange even.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* True, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* Against my heart.

*Luc.* How strange it shows,  
*Timon* in this should pay more than he owes!  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich Jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon*'s wealth,  
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

*Var.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

*Luc.* Five thousand.

*Var.* 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th'sum;  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter Flaminius.*

*Tit.* One of lord *Timon*'s men.

*Luc.* Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord  
Ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that, he knows you are too  
diligent.

*Enter.*

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud, call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir —

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Fla. If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,  
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down th' interest in their glutt'rous maws;  
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up,  
Let me pass quietly: —

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end,  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Fla. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;  
For you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter, what. — he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius; now we shall have some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent:

His comfortable temper has forsook him,

He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:  
And if he be so far beyond his health, health  
Methinks he should ~~not~~ sooner pay his debts. *The*

And

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And make a clear way to the Gods.

*Ser.* Good Gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer.

*Flam.* [within.] Servilius, help — my lord! my lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

*Tim.* What are my doors oppos'd against my passage?  
Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

*Luc.* Put in now, *Titus*.

*Tit.* My lord, here's my bill.

*Luc.* Here's mine.

*Var.* And mine, my lord.

*Cap.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* And our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em — cleave me to  
the girdle.

*Luc.* Alas my lord.

*Tim.* Cut out my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours — and yours?

*Var.* My lord —

*Cap.* My lord —

*Tim.* Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you.

[Exit.]

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their  
caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd despe-  
rate ones, for a mad-man owes 'em. [Exeunt.]

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves  
Creditors! — devils.

*Fla.* My dear lord,

*Tim.* What if it should be so? —

*Fla.*

*Fla.* My dear lord,

*Tim.* I'll have it so —— My steward!

*Fla.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly! —— Go, bid all my friends again,  
*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius.* All. ——  
 I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Fla.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;  
 There's not so much left as to furnish out  
 A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be it not thy care:  
 Go, and invite them all, let in the tide  
 Of knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to the Senate-house.

*Senators, and Alcibiades.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;  
 'Tis necessary he should die:  
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

*Alc.* Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now Captain,

*Alc.* I am an humble suitor to your Virtues:  
 For Pity is the virtue of the law,  
 And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.  
 It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy  
 Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood  
 Hath stept into the law, which is past depth  
 To those that without heed do plunge into't.  
 He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;  
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,  
 But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
 He did oppose his foe:  
 And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a Paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world  
When feets and factions were but newly born.  
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs,  
His out-sides, wear them like his raiment, carelesly,  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.  
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord, —

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear,  
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a Captain.  
Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,  
And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? but if there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,  
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;  
If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,  
But, in defence, — by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger is impiety:  
But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his Service done  
At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service;  
And slain in battle many of your enemies;  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin  
That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner.  
Were there no foes, that were enough alone  
To overcome him. In that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,  
Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.  
And for I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories,  
My Honours to you, on his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why let the war receive't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies, urge it no more;  
On height of our displeasure. friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be:  
My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

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3 Sen. What!

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me!  
Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,  
That make the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment.  
And, (not to swell our spirit,)  
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt,

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,  
Rich only in large hurts. — All those, for this?  
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
Pours into Captains wounds? ha! Banishment?  
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit,

S C E N E changes to Timon's House.

Enters divers Senators, at several doors;

1 Sen. The good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think this honourable  
lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon That were my thoughts tiring, when we  
encountred.

encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir—here he comes.

*Enter Timon and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both—and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 Sen. Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame,  
that

that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on't, Sir.

*2 Sen.* If you had sent but two hours before —

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance.  
Come, bring in all together.

*2 Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

*1 Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

*3 Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the season can yield it.

*1 Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

*3 Sen.* Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

*Both.* Alcibiades banish'd!

*3 Sen.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

*1 Sen.* How? how?

*2 Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*3 Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast to-  
ward.

*2 Sen.* This is the old man still.

*3 Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

*2 Sen.* It does, but time will, and so —

*3 Sen.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would  
to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places  
alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere  
we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness.  
For your own gifts make your selves prais'd: but reserve still  
to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough,  
that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to  
borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat  
beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of  
twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve  
women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—  
The rest of your fees, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together  
with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods,

make

make suitable for destruction. For these my friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold;  
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke, and lukewarm water  
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
Your reaking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,  
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks,  
Of man and beast the infinite malady.

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou

[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*

Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn House, sink Athens, henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[Exit;

*Re-enter Senators.*

1 Sen. How now, my lords?

2 Sen. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Sen. Psha! did you see my cap?

4 Sen. I've lost my gown.

1 Sen. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour  
sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and  
now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my  
jewel?

2 Sen. Did you see my cap?

3 Sen. Here 'tis.

4 Sen. Here lies my gown.

1 Sen.

1 Sen. Let's make no stay.

2 Sen. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Sen. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt,

## A C T IV.

S C E N E, *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,  
That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the earth;  
And fence not *Athens*! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools  
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads: To general filths  
Convert o'th' instant, green Virginity!  
Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal;  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of fifteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,  
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,  
Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries!  
And yet Confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,

That

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,  
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their Crop  
 Be general Leprosie: breath infect breath,  
 That their society (as their friendship) may  
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:  
*Timon* will to the Woods, where he shall find  
 Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.  
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)  
 Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;  
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,  
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [Exit.]

## SCENE changes to Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.

1 Ser. Hear you, good master steward, where's our master?  
 Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 Ser. Such a House broke! So noble a master fain! all gone! and not  
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him?

2 Ser. As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like Contempt, alone — More of our fellows.

Enter other servants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 Ser.

3 Ser. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
 Into the sea of air.

Fla. Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
 Where-ever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows: shake our heads, and say,  
 (As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)  
 We have seen better days. Let each take some;  
 Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more;  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[He gives them mony; they embrace, and part several ways.

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live  
 But in a dream of friendship?  
 To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends!  
 Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart,  
 Undone by goodness: strange unusual blood,  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd;  
 Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat  
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it:  
 I'll follow, and enquire him out.  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still.

[Exit.

SCENE,

## SCENE, the WOODS.

Enter Timon.

*Tim.* O blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity: below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth  
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes;  
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune  
 But by contempt of nature.  
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord,  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honour:  
 It is the Pasture lards the Weather's fides,  
 The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
 In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, this man's a flatterer? if one be,  
 So are they all, for every greeze of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villany. Then be abhor'd,  
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His Semblable, yea himself, *Timon* disdains—  
 Destruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging the earth.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison!— What is here?  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
 No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.  
 Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make  
 Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;  
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
 You Gods! why this? what this? you Gods! why, this  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:  
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.  
 This yellow slave

Will

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Will knit and break Religions; bless th' accurs'd;  
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
 She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.] Ha, a drum?  
 — thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee— thou'l go, (strong thief)  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.  
 Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,  
 and Phrynia and Timandra.

*Alc.* What art thou there? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,  
 For shewing me again the eyes of man!

*Alc.* What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,  
 That art thy self a man?

*Tim.* I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.  
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
 That I might love thee something.

*Alc.* I know thee well:  
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too, and more than that I know thee;  
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,  
 With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;—  
 Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;  
 Then what should War be? this fell whore of thine  
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
 For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns  
 To thine own lips again.

*Alc.*

*Alc.* How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no Suns to borrow of.

*Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.

*Alc.* What is it, *Timon*?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou  
wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man;  
if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

*Alc.* I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

*Alc.* I see them now, then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou *Timandra*?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee.  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust!  
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves—  
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth  
To th' Tub-fast, and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alc.* Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.  
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,  
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alc.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?  
I'd rather be alone.

*Alc.* Why, fare thee well,  
Here's gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alc.* When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap—

*Tim.* War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

*Alc.* Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

*Tim.* The Gods confound them all then in thy Conquest,  
And, after Thee, when thou hast conquered!

*Alc.* Why me, *Timon*?

*Tim.* That by killing of villains  
Thou wast born to conquer my Country.  
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;  
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,  
He is an Usurer. Strike me the matron,  
It is her habit only that is honest,  
Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps, milk-  
That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;  
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects,  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.  
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thy self! Speak not, be gone.

*Alc.* Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse upon  
thee!

*Both.* Give us some gold, good *Timon*: hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whole a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your

Your aprons mountant; you're not orthable,  
 Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear  
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
 Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:  
 I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.  
 Let your close fire predominate his smoak,  
 And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months  
 Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch  
 Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,  
 (Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)  
 Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still.  
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;  
 A pox of wrinkles!

*Both.* Well, more gold——what then?  
 Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,  
 And mar mens spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false Title plead,  
 Nor sound his quilletts shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,  
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him, that his particular to foresee      [bald,  
 Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curld-pate ruffians  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all;  
 That your activity may defeat, and quell  
 The source of all erection.——There's more gold.  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!

*Both.* More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon*.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief, first; I've given you  
 earnest.      [mony.]

*Alc.* Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewell, *Ti-*  
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

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*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alc.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, Thou spok'st well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away.  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt* Alcibiad. Phryne, and Timon.]

*Tim.* That Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast  
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle  
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed)  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;  
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,  
Whereon Hyperion's quickning fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Unsear thy fertile and conceptionous womb;  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.  
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented——O, a root — dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,  
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips.——

*Enter* Apemantus,

More man? plague, plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither. Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate; consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected,  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?

This

This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?  
Thy flatt'rs yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Weeds,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatt'r now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath whom thou'l observe  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome  
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just  
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

*Apem.* Thou'st cast away thy self, being like thy self,  
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou,  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,<sup>Trees</sup>  
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,  
Whose naked natures live in all the spight  
Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;  
Oh! thou shalt find —————

*Tim.* A fool of thee; depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatt'rest misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caytiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thy self in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sowe cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou  
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,  
Wert thou not Beggar. Willing misery  
Out-lives in certain pomp; is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, never compleat,  
The other, at high wish: Best states contentless,  
Have a distracted and most wretched being:  
Worse than the worst, content.  
Thou shouldest desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm  
With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.  
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded  
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,  
To such, as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command; thou wouldest have plung'd thy self  
In general riot, melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but followed  
The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,  
Who had the world as my confectionary,  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employments;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush  
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burthen.  
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldest thou hate men?  
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?  
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff  
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou

Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was no prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up inthee;  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

*Apem.* Here, I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thy self.

*Apem.* So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;  
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,  
Tell them there, I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where  
I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and knew my  
mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but  
the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt,  
and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curio-  
sity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for  
the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst

have loved thy self better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrifl, that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* My self.

*Tim.* I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women neareſt; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the conuſion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, *Timon*.

*Tim.* A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would affliet thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conueſion of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldſt be ſeized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were juorors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and feeleſt not thy loſs in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou couldſt please me with ſpeaking to me, thou mightſt have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.*

*Apem.* Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Thou art the Cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

A plague on thee!

*Apem.* Thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee,----- I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldest burst!

*Tim.* Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem.* retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph;

That death in me at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,  
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible God,  
 That soilderest close impossibilities,  
 And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue;  
 To every purpose! Oh thou Touch of hearts!  
 Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
 May have the world in empire.

*Apem.* Would 'twere so,  
 But not till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold:  
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.-----

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die. I am quit.

*Apem.* Mo things like men----- Eat, *Timon*, and abhor  
 them. [Exit *Apem.*]

*Enter Thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some  
 poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the  
 meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove  
 him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care  
 not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve  
 it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

*All.* Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description,

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, *Timon*.

*Tim.* Now, thieves.

*All.* Soldiers; not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too, and womens sons.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meet.  
 Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots,  
 Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;  
 The oaks bear mast; the briars scarlet hips:  
 The bounteous huswife nature on each bush  
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

*1 Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;  
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
 That you are thieves profest; that you work not  
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft  
 In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,  
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,  
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
 And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician,  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.  
 Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,  
 Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery,  
 The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.  
 The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The Mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln  
 From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,  
 Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;  
 All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,  
 Break open shops, for nothing can you steal  
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what  
 I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen,* [Exit.]

*3 Thief.* H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,  
 by perswading me to it.

*1 Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus ad-  
 vices us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*2 Thief.*

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2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in *Athens*; [trade.]

2 Thief. There is no time so miserable, but a man may  
be true. [Exeunt.]

## A C T V.

S C E N E, *the woods, and Timon's Cave.*

*Enter Flavius.*

**F**lav. O H, you Gods !  
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord ?  
Full of decay and failing ? oh monument  
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !  
What change of honour desp'rare want has made ?  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends ?  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wisht to love his enemies :  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !  
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present  
My honest grief to him ; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him, with my life. My dearest master !

*Timon comes forward from his Cave.*

*Tim.* Away ! what art thou ?

*Fla.* Have you forgot me, Sir ?

*Tim.* Why dost thou ask That ? I have forgot all men.  
Then if thou grantest that thou art a man,  
I have forgot thee.

*Fla.* An honest servant,-----

*Tim.* Then I know thee not :

I ne'er had honest man about me, all  
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Fla.* The Gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. [thee,

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep ? come nearer, then I love  
Because

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give  
But, or through lust, or laughter, Pity's sleeping;  
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weeping.

*Fla.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord;  
T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. —  
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man  
Was born of woman.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man: mistake me not, but one:  
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service;  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Fla.* No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast  
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,) You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;  
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.  
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,  
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
For any benefit that points to me  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich your self.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,  
Here, take; the Gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure, Go, live rich and happy:  
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men:  
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;  
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,  
Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so farewell, and thrive.

*Fla.* O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master!

*Tim.* If thou hat'st curses,

Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it can't be far where  
he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumour  
hold for true, that's he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain, Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra  
had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor stragling  
soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave his steward  
a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal for  
his friends?

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens  
again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not  
amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress  
of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to  
load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just  
and true report that goes of his Having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I  
will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent  
that's coming toward him.

*Pain.*

*Pain.* Good as the best: Promising is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.*

*Tim.* Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulence.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay let's seek him.

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True.

*Poet.* While the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.

Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn —————  
What a God's gold, that he is worshipped  
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the Wave;  
Settest admired rev'rence in a slave;  
To thee be Worship, and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Tis fit I meet them.

*Poet.* Hail! worthy *Timon*.

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retired, your friends fal'n off,

Whose thankless natures, oh abhorred spirits !  
 Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough —  
 What ! to you !

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
 To their whole being ! I am rapt, and cannot  
 Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
 With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better :  
 You that are honest, by being what you are,  
 Make them best seen and known.

*Pain.* He ; and my self,  
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
 And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you're honest men

*Pain.* We're hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men ! why, how shall I requite you ?  
 Can you eat roots and drink cold water ? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Y'are honest men ; you've heard, that I have gold ;  
 I'm sure, you have ; speak truth, y' are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore  
 Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest man ; thou draw'st a counterfeit  
 Best in all *Athens* ; thou'rt indeed, the best ;  
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, Sir, as I say — — — And for thy fiction,  
 Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
 That thou are even natural in thine art.  
 But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
 I must needs say, you have a little fault ;  
 Marry, not monstrous in you ; neither wish I,  
 You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your Honour  
 To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord,

*Tim.* Will you, indeed ?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him eogg, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross Patchery, love him, and feed him;  
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies;  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this; — but two in company:  
Each man apart, all single and alone, Yet an arch villain keeps him company.  
If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him. ————— If thou wouldest not reside  
[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.  
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves;  
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!  
You are an Alchymist, make gold of that:

Out, rascal dogs! [Beating and driving 'em out.

Enter Flavius and two Senators.

*Fla.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon:  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.

It is our part and promise to th' Athenians  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike

Men

Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs  
 That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
 The former man may make him; bring us to him;  
 And chance it as it may.

*Fla.* Here is his Cave;  
 Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon!* *Timon!*  
 Look out, and speak to friends; th' *Athenians*  
 By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;  
 Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

*Enter Timon out of his Cave.*

*Tim.* Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn! —  
 Speak, and be hang'd;  
 For each true word a blister, and each false  
 Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking.

*1 Sen.* Worthy *Timon*, —

*Tim.* — Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

*2 Sen.* The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

*Tim.* I thank them. And would send them back the plague;  
 Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee:  
 The Senators, with one consent of love,  
 Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought  
 On special dignities, which vacant lie  
 For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess

Tow'r'd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;  
 Which now the publick body, (which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter) feeling in it self  
 A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own Fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;  
 And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,  
 Together with a recompence more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
 Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;

*And*

And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it, !  
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators. !

*1 Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us;  
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take  
The Captainship: thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority: soon we shall drive back  
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword  
Against the walls of *Athens*.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* —

*Tim.* Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus —  
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,  
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,  
That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,  
And take our goodly aged men by th'beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain ;  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* speaks it ;  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.  
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer. For my self,  
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosp'rrous Gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Fla.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;  
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my Country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
As common Bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Command me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro'  
them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Command me to them,  
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do  
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent  
Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again;

*Tim.* I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,  
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;  
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,  
And hang himself —— I pray you, do my Greeting.

*Fla.* Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,  
*Timon* hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Which once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.  
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:

What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
 Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!  
 Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit Timon.]

- 1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.  
 2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead; let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear peril.  
 1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

- 1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files  
 As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.  
 Besides, his expedition promises  
 Present Approach.

- 2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a courier, o'er mine ancient friend;  
 Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
 Yet our old love made a particular force,  
 And made us speak like friends. This man was riding  
 From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's Cave*,  
 With letters of intreaty, which imported  
 His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City,  
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

- 1 Sen. Here come our Brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect —  
 The enemies Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring  
 Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;  
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.]

Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking *Timon*.

Sol. By all Description this should be the place.  
 Who's here? speak, ho. — No answer? —

What is this? —

*Timon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span;

Some

## 70      TIMON of ATHENS.

Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man.  
 Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?  
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;  
 Our Captain hath in every figure skill,  
 An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:  
 Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,  
 Whose Fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.]

S C E N E, before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpet sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
 Our terrible Approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.]  
 'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
 With all licentious measure, making your wills  
 The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such  
 As slept within the shadow of your Power,  
 Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd  
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,  
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong  
 Cries of it self, no more: now breathless wrong  
 Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,  
 And purſy Infidelity shall break his wind  
 With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,  
 When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,  
 Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cause to fear;  
 We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
 To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves  
 Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo  
 Transformed *Timon* to our city's love  
 By humble message, and by promis'd 'mends:  
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
 The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours  
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
 You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,  
 That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools ſhould fall

For

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out:  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread;  
By decimation and a tithed death,  
If thy revenges hunger for that food  
Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth:  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended:  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;  
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended; like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;  
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope:  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say, thou'l enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine Honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion: all thy Powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;  
Descend and open your uncharged ports;  
Those enemies of *Timon's* and mine own,  
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,

## 72 · T I M O N o f A T H E N S.

Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears  
 With my more noble meaning, not a man  
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds;  
 But shall be remedied by publick laws  
 At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alc.* Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

*Sold.* My noble General, Timon is dead;  
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea;  
 And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which  
 With wax I brought away; whose soft impression  
 Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades reads the epitaph.]

Here lies a wretched coarse, of wretched soul bereft:  
 Seek not my name: a plague consume you caitiffs left!  
 Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,  
 Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gaite.

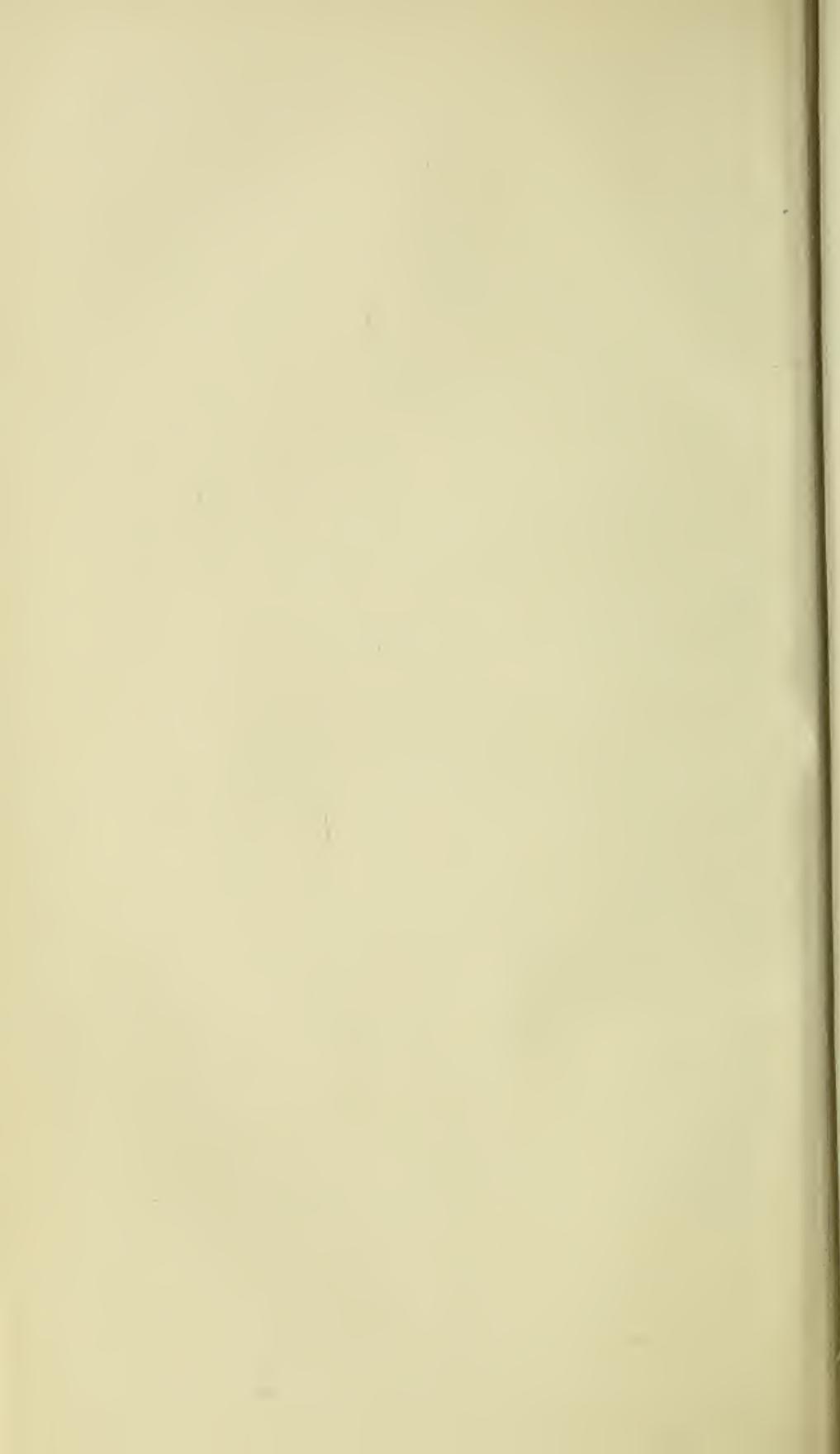
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
 Tho' thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
 Scorn'dst our brains flow, and those our droplets, which  
 From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave. — On: faults forgiven.— Dead  
 Is noble Timon, of whose memory  
 Hereafter more — Bring me into your City, City  
 And I will use the Olive with my sword;  
 Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War; make each  
 Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.  
 Let our drums strike. —

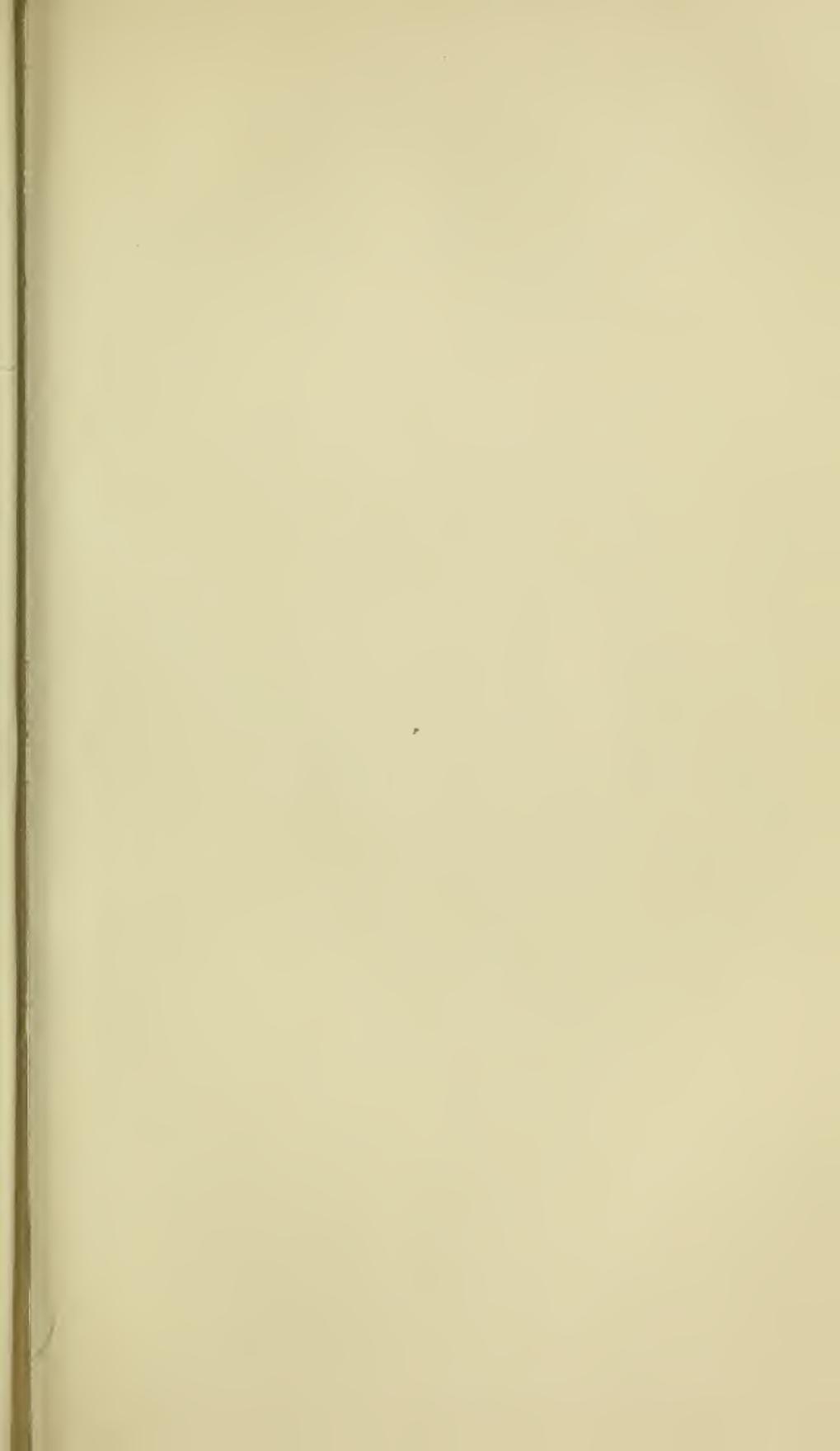
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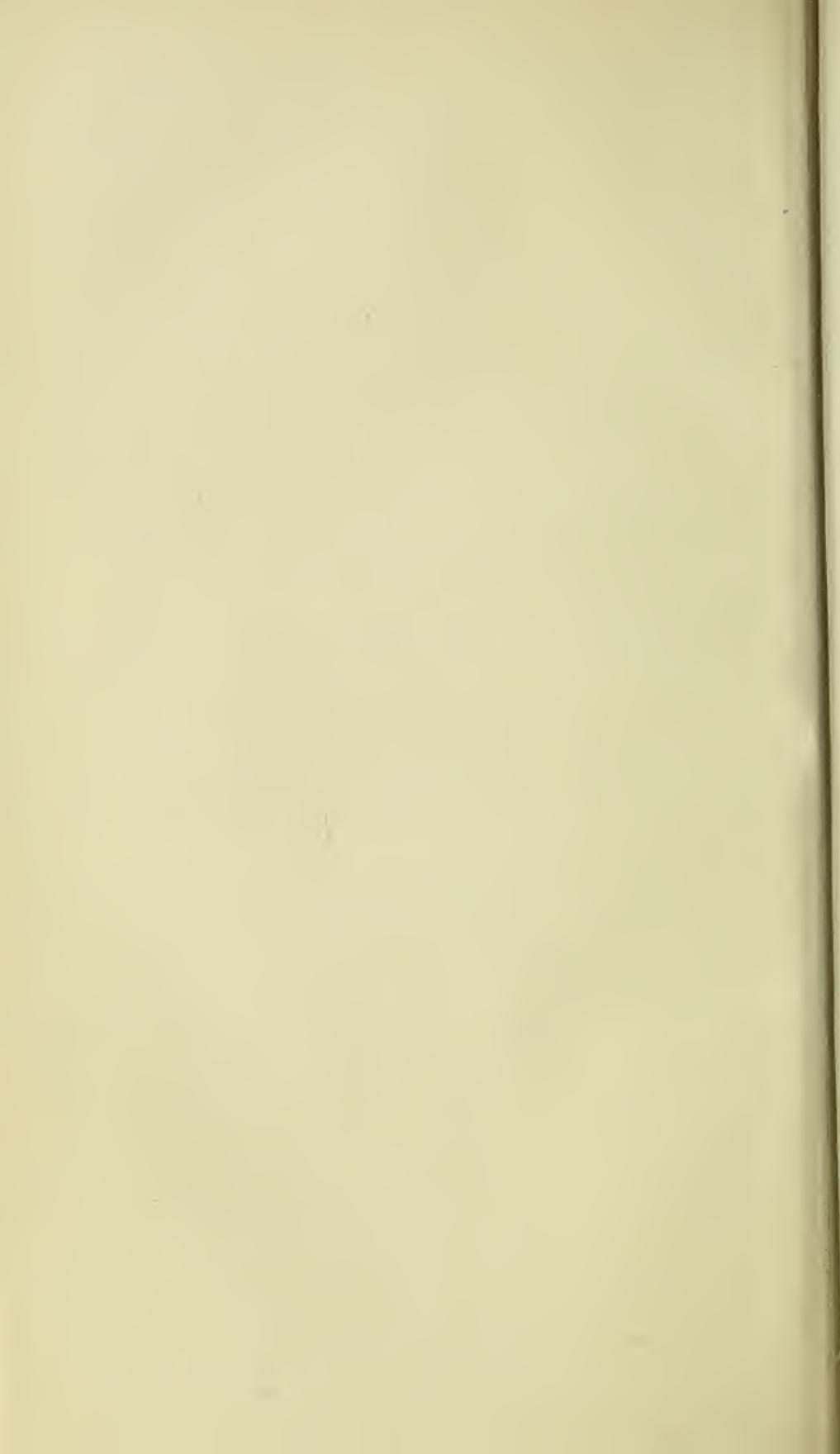
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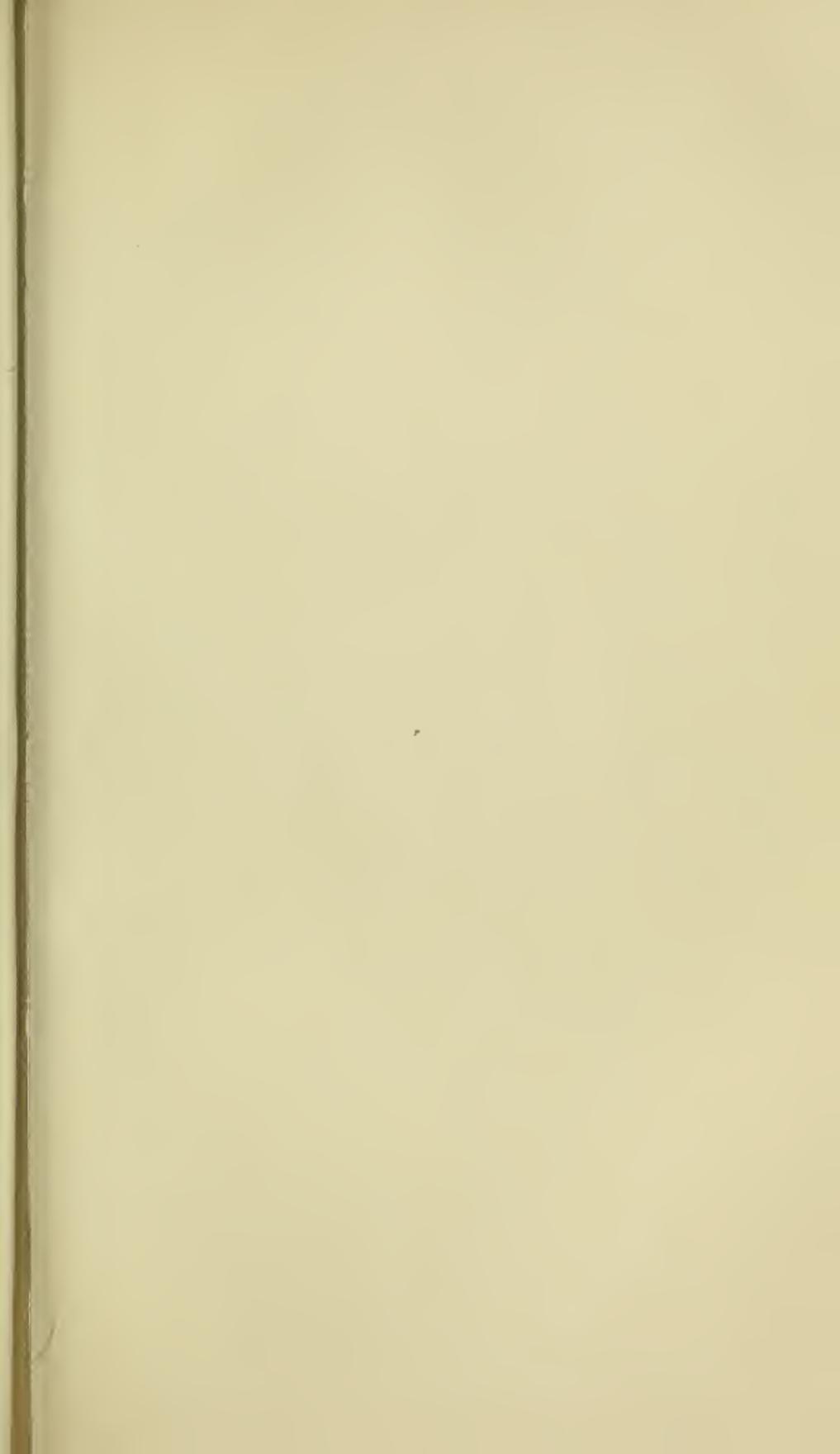
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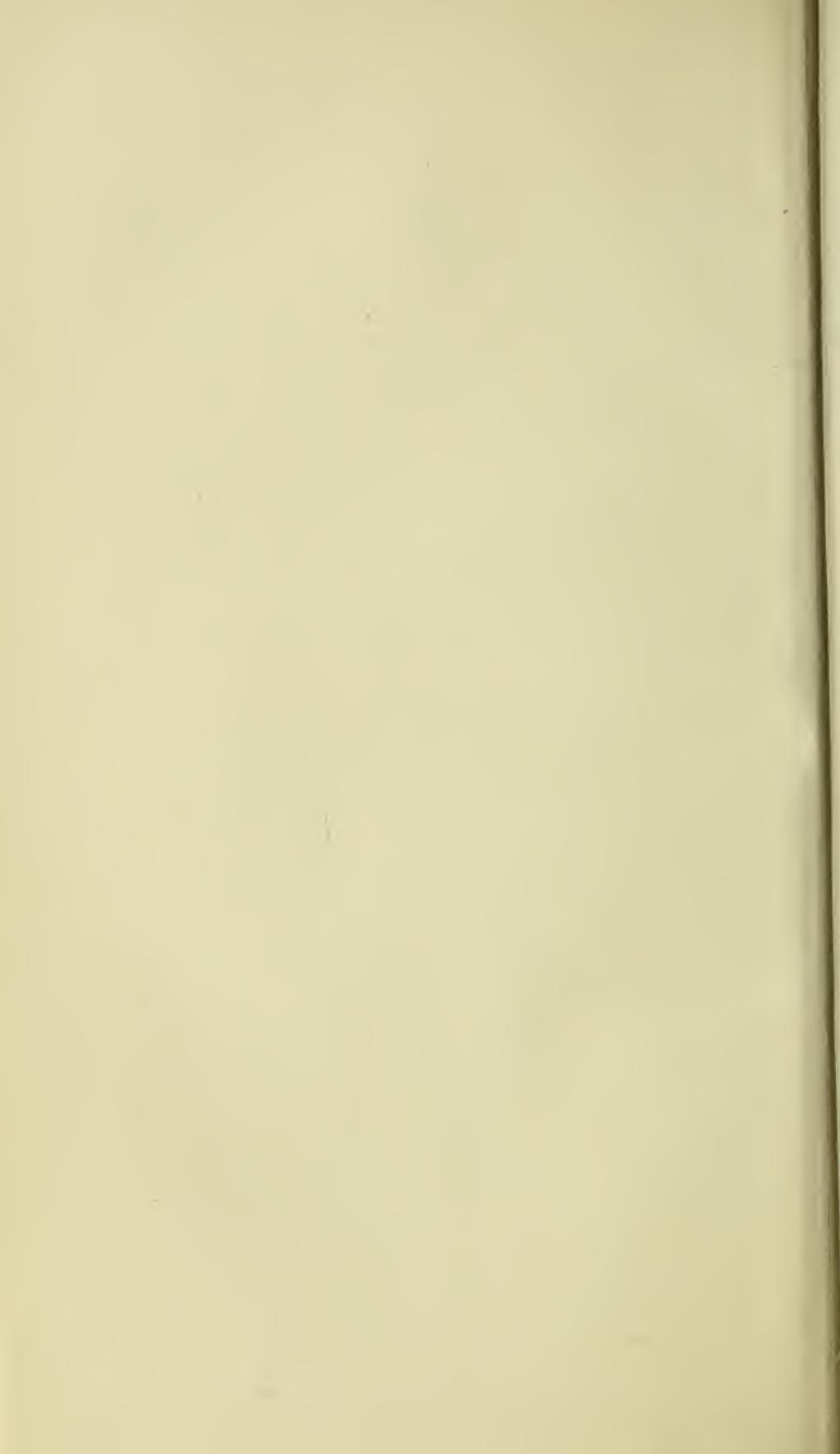
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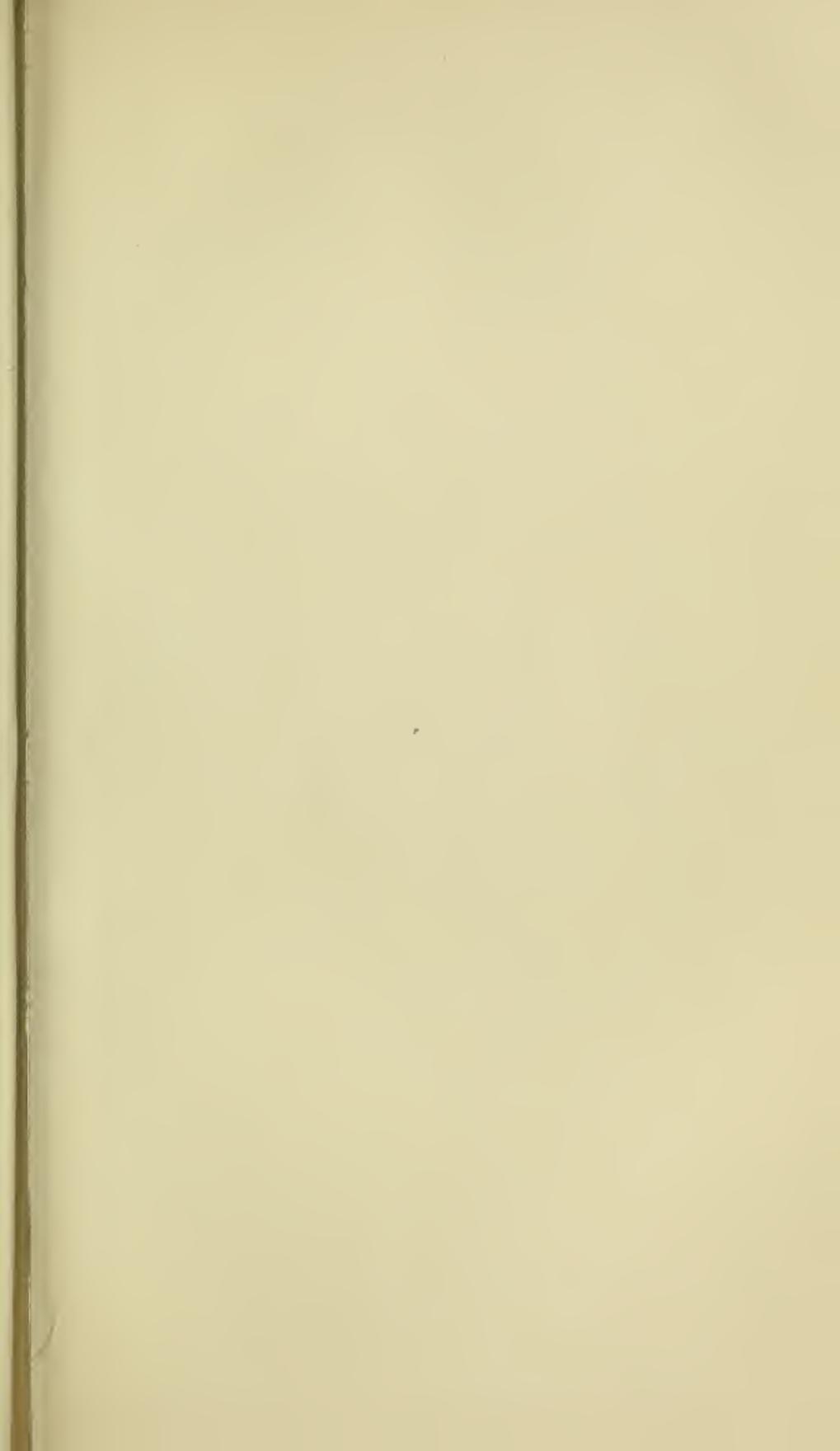


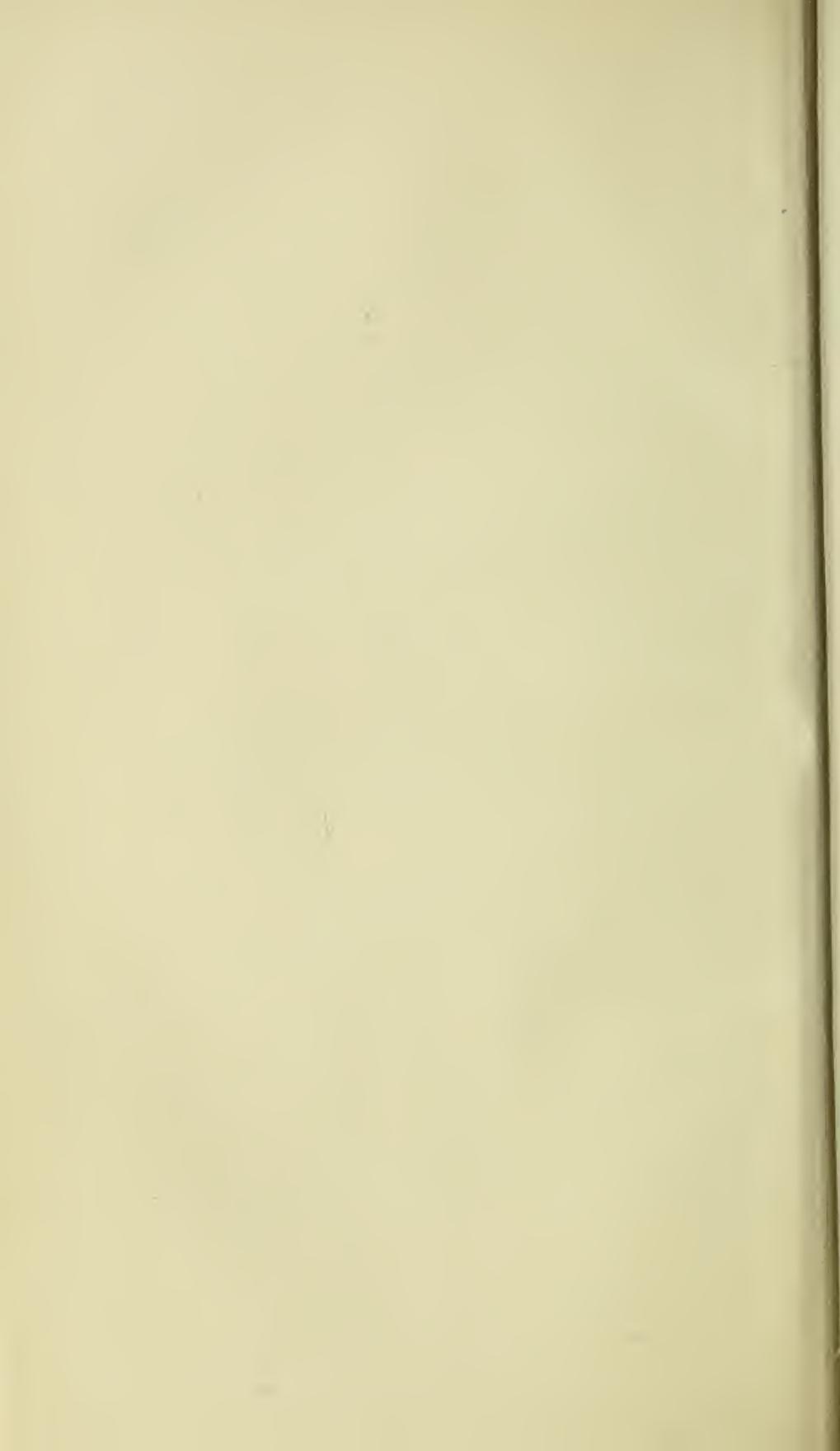


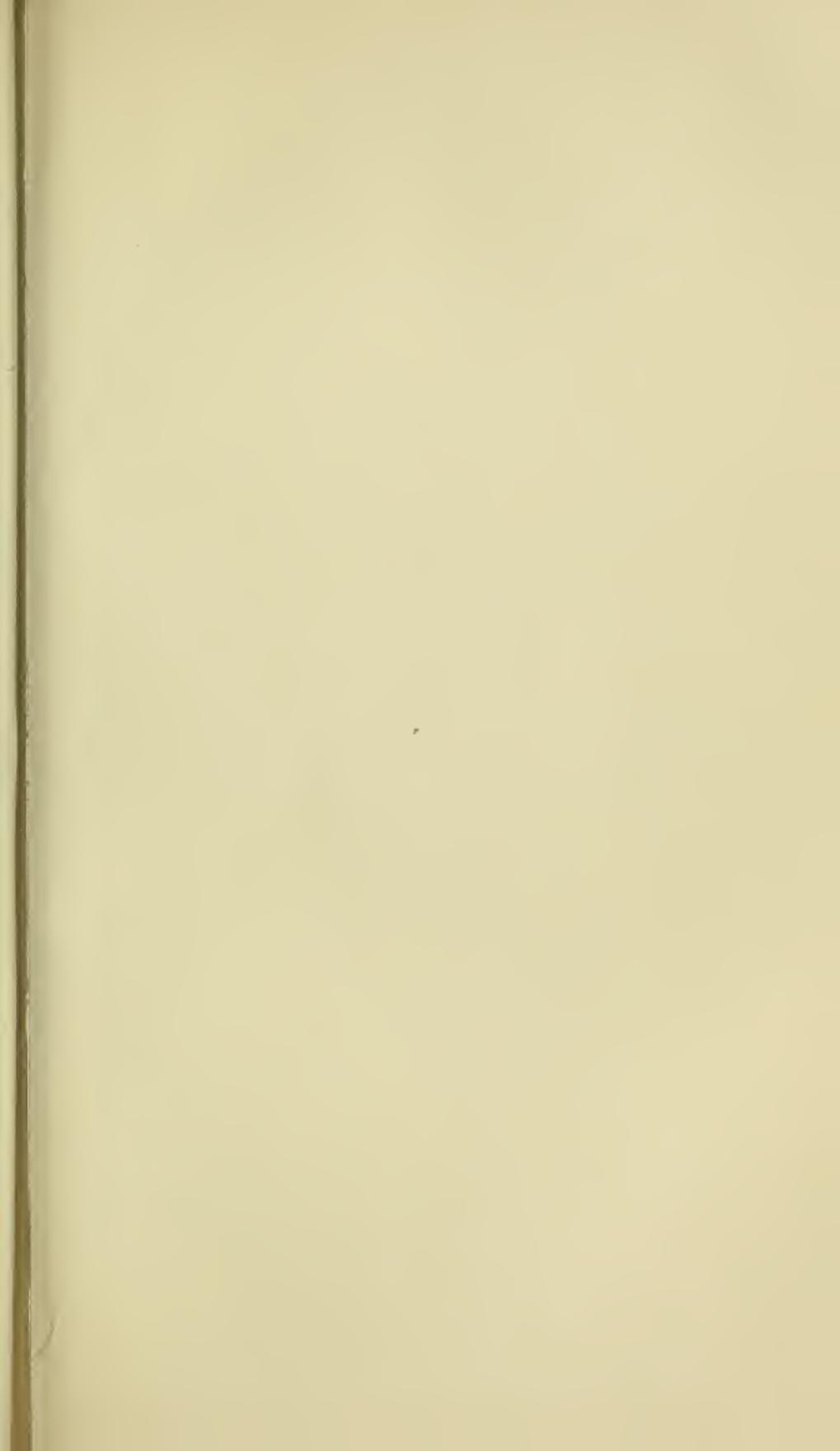


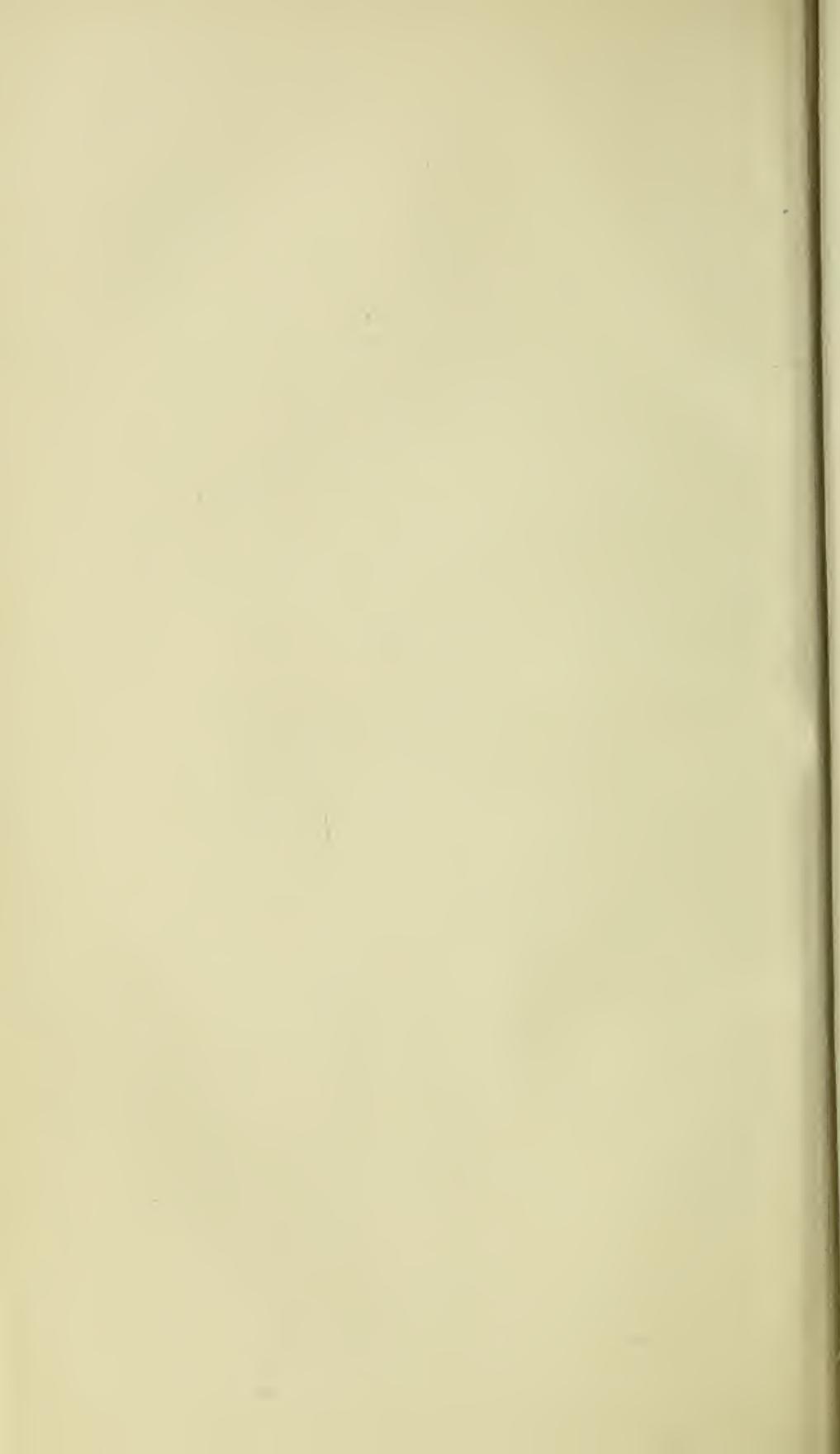


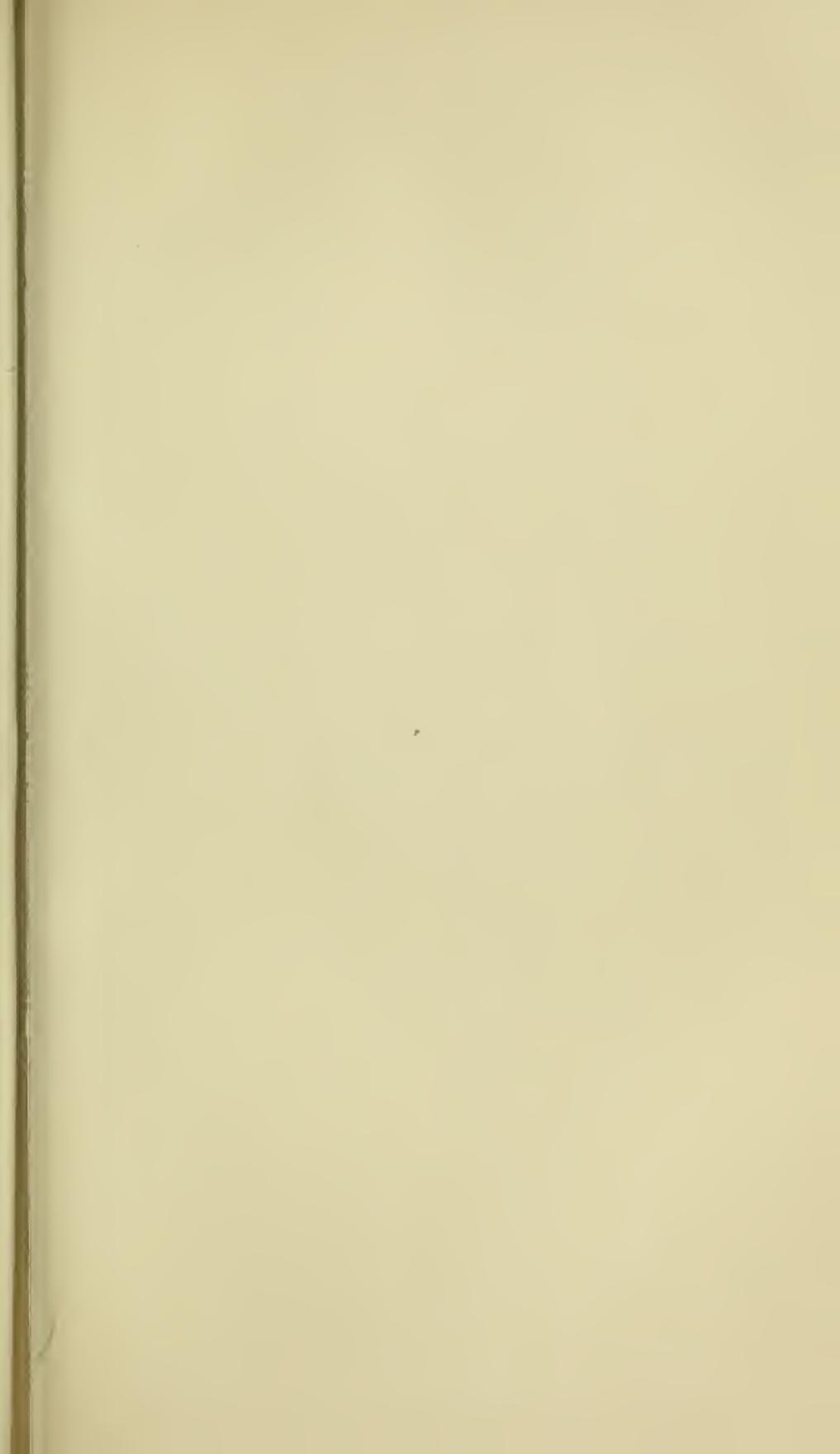


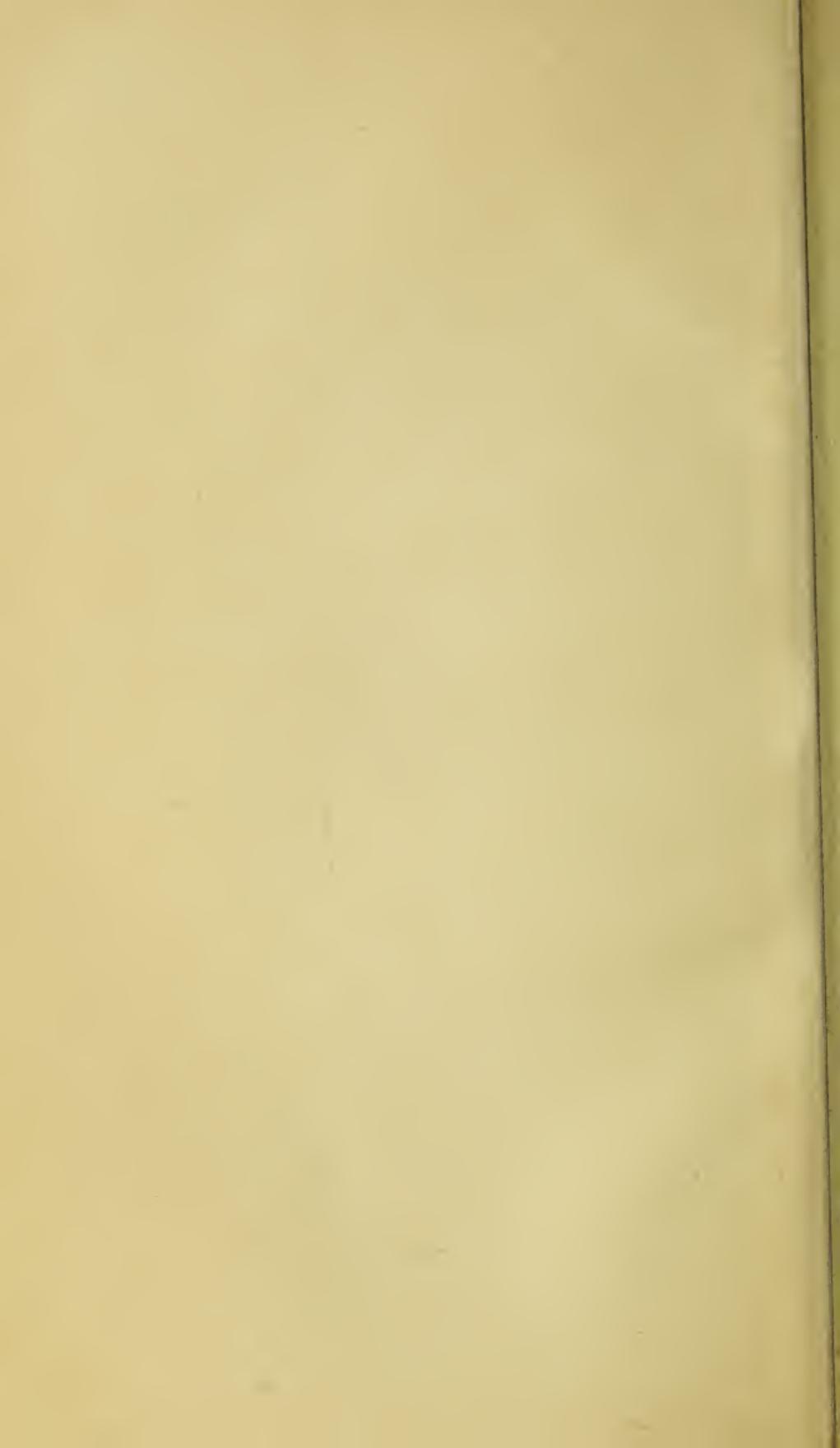


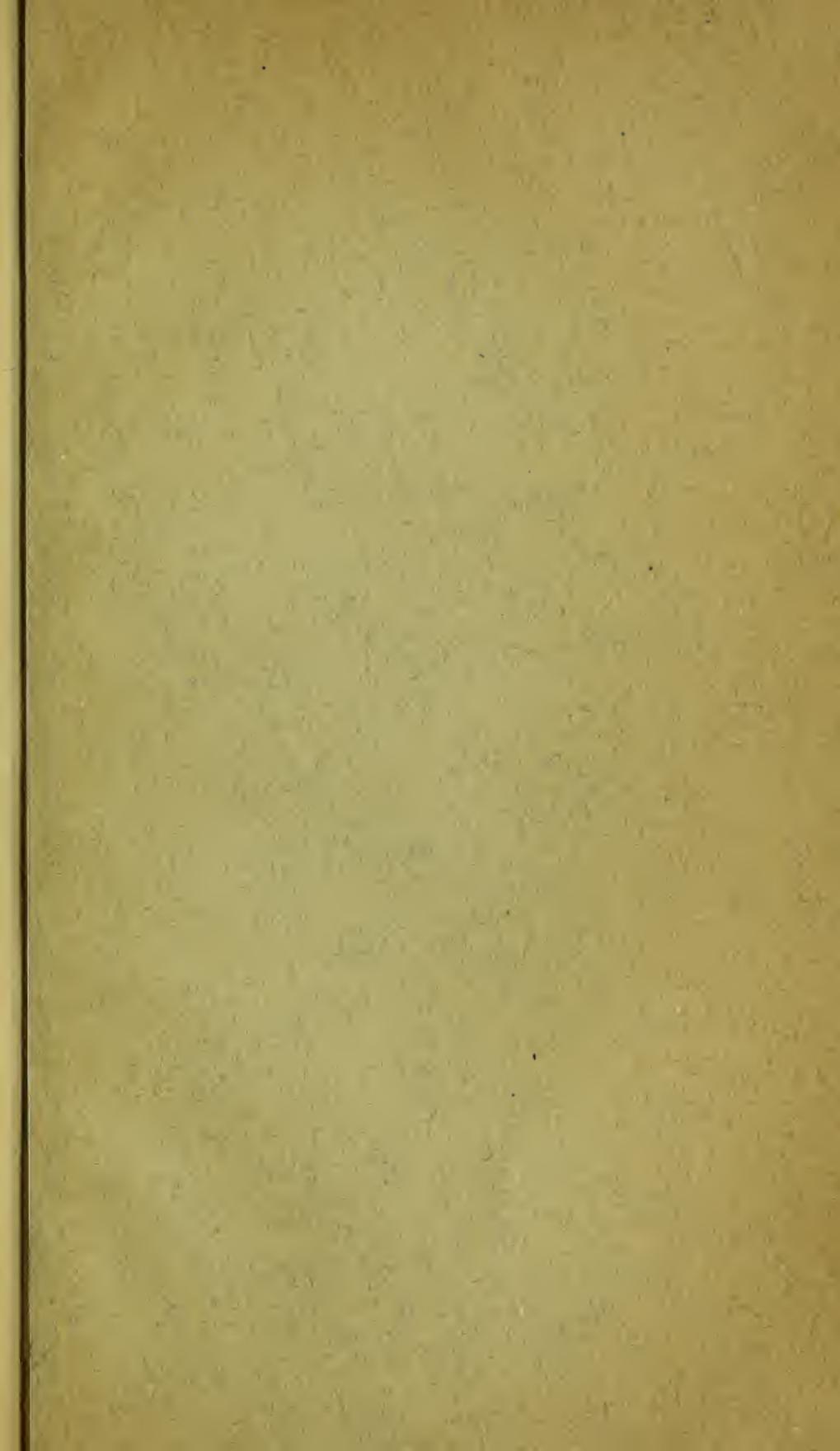














B. L. Lindsey,  
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